







## EXTRACTS.

**MY TREASURES.**  
I bid this ringlet in my desk.  
For some especial reason,  
When life was truly picturesquie  
And in the loving season.  
I gave upon the relic now,  
In rapturous emotion;  
But where I got it—when—or how—  
Town I've not a notion.  
  
This yellow glove I put away,  
(It's faded now, or nasty)  
Because upon a summer day  
I prized the owner dearly.  
But when I stole this yellow glove—  
Soft witness of affection!—  
Or how its wearer won my love,  
Exceases my recollection.  
  
This portrait in my desk I keep—  
The photographic only—  
It tells my many years to sleep  
When I am sad and lonely.  
But whether this belongs to me  
By chance or through intention,  
And whose the pretty face may be,  
I can't exactly mention.  
  
I dream of days for ever gone—  
Over twenty dear moments.  
(Their number I can count upon  
My fingers and my ten toes.)  
But, should you ask me how or why  
They claim such admiration,  
My heart's unwilling—as am I—  
To grant the information.

## HANDEL.

From the very first, says a writer in a contemporary, Handel seems to have been a prodigy. Indeed, there is about musicians which separates them from other men of genius; they always give early promise, and the promise they give early they generally fulfil in mature years. Mozart and Mendelssohn will, at once, occur to the reader as illustrations of a truth which is based on wide induction. When Handel was ten years old he had written a set of sonatas, which George III. was proud to own, and which in this moment form part of the Queen's private library. Young Handel had studied at Berlin before he came to Hamburg, where he was appointed director of the opera, to the great irritation of another musician named Mattheson, who had long sought the post. Mattheson might have forgotten now but for the fact that he bought a remarkable duet with his rival. In those days duets were frequent, and they had a way of terminating in the most unexpected manner. Handel had a roll of music inside his coat when he took his stand on the ground. His enemy made "a very painful hit," and we should have had "Arias and Galante" but that the sword broke on the music and ended the duel. He left Germany soon after, and did what all the pupils of art did in those days; he visited Italy. The result was that he made his entry in the style of the music that was fashionable in that country. He wrote operas, "Florinda" and "Nerone," and "Agrippina" and "Rodrigo;" all had their day, and are now forgotten or are only known to the curious. They must have given embodiment to what was praised as melody in that time and place, for they all had their success. "Agrippina," produced at Venice, ran seven-and-twenty nights, and marks one feature in the history both of Handel and of music. In this opera, for the first time, horns and other wind instruments were used as accompaniments to the voice. From Venice he went to Rome, and now we hear of names still known in the musical world. Cardinal Ottoboni had in his service a famous band, of which the director was Corelli, and one of the members the more famous Scarlatti. With the latter young Handel contracted a great friendship, and his influence may still be traced in his works. But neither Venice, nor Rome, nor Naples, to which he afterwards went, satisfied him. Italy was the land of poetry, painting, and music, but he longed for the home-surroundings of his own northern country. The year 1710 found him back in Germany, his residence taken up in the dull but stately capital of Hanover, with its Elector as his patron, and 1,500 crowns as his salary. For both patrons and Kappel Meister a great future was near at hand, and we next hear of Handel settled in London and favoured with the support of the Queen of England. From time to time he would visit Germany, but these visits were fugitive and desultory. England was his home, and all the music of his which lives and belongs to the world was written amidst surroundings that are familiar to the crowds of his present worshippers. The Queen died soon afterwards, and Handel lost one patron to find or rather to recover another. The Elector of Hanover was now King of England. There had indeed been some coolness between patron and musician, and Handel was diffident to approach the Court and the new crowned head. An ingenuous friend contrived a happy reconciliation. His Majesty had gone upon a Royal water party. Blair-Adam in summer, and, indeed, at any time of the year, is not a place one would willingly quit even for London. Yet, as all the world—more particularly the political world—knows, its present proprietor quits it, with great regularity, about the time when Parliament opens. Like all his ancestors, when there is living memory in written record, Mr. Adam loves work for its own sake. Educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and passing through Trinity College, Cambridge, he turned his attention to the Bar, and was duly called at the Inner Temple. But he never practised, finding more congenial attraction in a trip across the Atlantic, where his father, Admiral Adam (subsequently Governor of Greenwich Hospital), was in command of the North American station. In 1853 he went out to India, as Private Secretary to his kinsman, Lord Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay. With the interval of a brief visit home he stayed in Bombay till 1858, passing through the trouble of the Mutiny, and actively employed in those wise and successful measures which the Governor took for the safety of the Presidency. Finally returning home in 1859, Mr. Adam made a second attempt to gain the suffrages of the electors of Kilkenny, and won the seat which, nearly a dozen years earlier, his grandfather's uncle had held. In 1865 he was made a Lord of the Treasury, and in the following year began to assist Mr. Brand, the present Speaker, who was then Whip of the Liberal party. Those were troublesome times, for the Care of Adullam was being formed, and from day to day it was difficult to say whether the Ministerial majority could be maintained. What made it harder was the fact that Mr. Brand and Mr. Adam stood alone, the Lords of the Treasury who usually assist in "whipping" being otherwise engaged. When Mr. Gladstone returned to power in 1868 with an overpowering majority, Mr. Adam, again a Lord of the Treasury, acted as second Whip with Mr. Glyn, now Lord Wolverton. In 1873, when the Ministry's cards were reshuffled, an office from which he, in common with his colleagues, was suddenly relieved by the result of the General Election of 1874.

It was from the Session of 1874 that Mr. Adam first came into the front rank, and commanded the priceless services to Liberalism which have earned for him the gratitude of the party—it is politics that he has always remained, a favourite both with the few and the many. For long it was performed annually at the Foundling Hospital, and its production added to the funds of that institution alone the sum of £10,000.

## CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

THE EIGHT HON. W. F. ADAM AT BLAIR-ADAM.  
The genealogical tree of the Adams of Blair-Adam goes so far back that, tracing its branches, the student is inclined to the belief that the founder of the family must have enjoyed the personal intimacy of Eve. Limiting the inquiry to the possession of Blair-Adam, the stroller through the far-reaching grounds will come upon a piece of evidence of comparatively minor antiquity, which carries back the family connection only to the verge of two centuries. It is a plain stone set in the garden, and bears the following inscription:—William Adam, born 1638, died 1748, began in 1733, with a spirit and enterprise and with a forecast greatly in advance of that age, to improve and plant this domain, then wild and unsheltered moor.—John Adam, the son of William, born 1721, died 1792, with distinguished taste extended the improvements and enlarged the woods. In 1755 he began, and in 1761 he completed, this garden, which has been preserved without change of designer or alteration of effect except what growth has produced.

This stone was placed here in 1833 by William, the son of John, grandfather of the present owner. When the William Adam, born in the year of the Great Revolution, first undertook the task of planting and improving the estate, there was but a single tree upon it, which still stands to this day the centre of one of the finest wooded estates in Scotland. At three feet and a half in circumference, nearly opposite is a Spanish chestnut, at least one hundred and fifty years old, which measures eight feet eight inches in girth. William Adam, as the stone bears testimony, commenced the improvements in 1733; and ever since the policy bequeathed by him to his successors has been bold and intelligently carried out, and, like his father, he who went before, the present owner has added to the plantations. The house itself is not the least remarkable feature on the estate. Built upon the plan of the manse familiar to all Scotchmen, it was ostensibly a temporary affair, and it shelters to this day an elaborate place for a grand house to be built some yards off at the head of the Broad Avenue. Any one can build a big house, but it is not given to every one to possess a home of the delightful oddness of Blair-Adam. It has been patched and enlarged through a period extending over a hundred years. When John Adam stood for Kincross in 1757 he found the modest manor not big enough for his judicious hospitality. Accordingly he built a large barbershop, in which, after the fashion of those days, gentlemen staying at the house were lodged for the night. Eight years later he built a dining-room, now used as a library. The next addition was a room to serve the purposes fulfilled in more Southern localities by a drawing-room. A little later, desirous to take it in hand of grandchildren, he spread the wing known as the Pavilion. Successive generations have imitated this mania for building, and the house as it stands to-day is a rambling structure under a mighty roof, a building in snuggery at unexpected corners.

In the early years of his life Blair-Adam was the scene of some joyful scenes, foremost among the guests being Sir Walter Scott. From 1817 to 1851 Sir Walter never missed attendance upon the gatherings of the Blair-Adam Antiquarian Club, which consisted of nine members. Blair-Adam stands at the foot of the Cleish Hills, just midway between Perth and Edinburgh, twenty-one miles either way by the old coach-road. Along this highway, on Fridays in summer long past, came Sir Walter Scott, Sir Adam Ferguson, Chief Baron Shepherd, and some others, arriving in time to dine, and remaining till Tuesday morning. Before Sir Walter Scott left home in search of better health, he sent to the present owner his grandfather, as a pledge of his regard for the tenement of the apartments in Lochleven Castle, in which Queen Mary was confined. This splendid piece of man's work is preserved as a precious heirloom at Blair-Adam, having attached to it a card with this inscription from the Abbot:—And now I resign my office of porter of Lochleven Castle, and give the keys to the keeper's keeping. Another notable visitor was Sheridan, who has left his name on a portion of the house. At the time he was a guest of Blair-Adam, in the autumn of 1855, the inevitable improvements were in progress. The present proprietor's grandfather, Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, was undermining the Pavilion, with intent to make a new passage. Orders had been given that the workmen were not to go into the mine in the morning, so that Sheridan might sleep undisturbed. The men thought that by nine o'clock every one must be up, and forthwith proceeded with picks and shovels. Sheridan, awoken by the noise, thinking the house was tumbling to pieces, ran to the window to jump out, when a servant entered to explain the phenomenon. The passage is to this day called "Sheridan's Passage."

## THE FIRST VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

If I go up a pair of narrow stone steps, as I did that morning about sunrise, I am on the roof—a roof of stone with a barrier around it. In these Eastern houses the roof is the drawing-room, and I can well fancy, as I pass over the honest floor, what fine company one might have with the stars and the hills, and, above all, with the memories that rest upon these domes and roofs, these valleys and hills, this grey, sloping mass of houses and churches. You have for company all the memories that come to you from the pious hours of childhood; for your roof is on the crest of Mount Zion and beneath you is holy Jerusalem. Of course to feel these beathing questions in any of our company—for this day at least we give ourselves up to faith. When I was on the Nile I found how much easier it was to be in accord with the monuments and the tombs—to go from Memphis to Thebes believing, humbly believing, in 'every' stone. But Egypt was the house of bondage, after all; and when I came to Suez, and looked over the shallow water and the sandy stretches to the grove of palms where Moses rested after he had crossed the Red Sea, all my sympathies were with the Israelites who had escaped, and not with the host-inion whom the waters rolled in a desolating flood. That is a question upon which one takes sides early in life; and although you come to see and hear many things on the other side and to wonder at the many cruel necessities of the earlier dispensation, your feelings are set, they are a part of your life, and no amount of reason or historical research can do away with the impressions that come in the fresh young hours of your Sunday school existence. Egypt was always the house of bondage, and you looked at the records of Raeses and Scosaria with a cold, curious feeling—as you would look at any extraordinary work of man. It was only history, after all. But you come to your home. Somehow you always belonged here, for every name is a memory, and every step awakens the long-forgotten dreams and prayers of childhood, and over all, in the very air you breathe, is that supreme that gracious, that holy presence—unfolding you, as it were, with incense—the presence of Jesus Christ. This was the city of great kings, of dynasties of kings, of prophets and judges—founded by Melchizedek, governed by Solomon, conquered by Alexander—with annals surpassing in historic renown those of any city in the world. But all are forgotten in the proscenium of that one name, which embodies the faith and the hopes of Christendom. "A round the World with General Grant," by John Russell Young.

the Liberal party was in the hapless position of not only not having a Leader, but of having no Whip. With characteristic eagerness for work, Mr. Adam volunteered for the post. How he fulfilled its duties will be known to every member of the late Parliament. It was a task from which many men would gladly have shrunk. At any time the Liberal party is twice as hard to "whip" as the other side. In times of prosperity the excessive fertility of its genius leads to the growth of offshoots which presently set up for themselves their own Leader and their own Whip. In times of adversity all discipline is lost to the winds, and there are almost as many sections of party as there are sub-divisions of scores. When Quin was a certain dinner-party there was a padding on the table of a peculiarly attractive character. One of the guests helped himself to a huge piece, when the host wishing to have Quin's opinion pushed the dish towards him and invited him to "taste the pudding." "P'r'ay," said Quin, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, "which is the pudding?" Thus it often was with the Whip of the Liberal party between 1868 and 1874. He might be asked to whip up the party for particular division; but, looking round at the huge pieces sliced off by his faction, he might ask, "Pray, where is the party?" To that task, arduous and thankless, Mr. Adam brought the great gifts of unfathomable patience, genial good-humour, great administrative capacity, and a singular love for the work. Early and late, whilst the House sat, he was in his place, having during the day left no effort unturned to keep up some show of front to the enemy. The divisions from time to time registered against Ministers in the last Parliament were often pitifully small. It is to be feared that no due account has been taken of how much smaller they might have been but for the untiring efforts of Mr. Adam.

The services he rendered to his party during the existence of the Parliament were crowned by his efforts when the end came and the country was asked to decide between Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. To Mr. Adam's initiation was due the great and brilliant campaign upon which the whole engagement turned. It was in submission to his advice that Mr. Gladstone went to Midlothian, a bold undertaking, which even when fairly embarked upon was viewed with grave apprehension by some authorities in the Liberal camp. Through the agency of the Central Liberal Association, Mr. Adam, ably seconded by Mr. Sellar, organised victory out of defeat by the unheroic plan of dealing with the constituencies one by one, and providing candidates wherever there was an opening. A shrewd judgment, exceptionally enlightened by his official communication with the provinces, led him to form a conclusion as to the probable issue of the General Election very different from that generally current in London. Making up his book in November of last year he arrived at the conclusion that in England and Scotland alone the Liberal majority would not be less than forty-five. That it was more than twice as much was in no small measure to his untiring energy.

It was no wonder that, when in April last, everybody was making Cabinets, a majority of the supporters agreed in including Mr. Adam's name in theirs. That he should without a murmur have accepted the office of First Commissioner of Works, finding himself in precisely the same position as he had stood in 1875, is evidence of his habitual tendency to underrate the value of his own services. He might reasonably have looked higher; but since he is content to be First Commissioner of Works, it is gratifying to reflect that in some respects he seems to have been born for that post. A man who has done so much to make Blair-Adam beautiful and safe, surely trusts in the public parts of the metropolis.—World.

DESTRUCTIVE INFLUENCES.—Doubtless countless myriads of living creatures come into existence, of which the greater part must be destroyed. One aphid may be the parent of 5,000,000,000 individuals in five generations, and when these are swallowed up by lady-birds and other enemies in mass, it is no individual variation that can avert their fate. The unchecked produce of one pair of hornets would stock the Atlantic in a few years, until there was no room to move; and when these are engorged by shads as a mouthful for the hornets, they can take as little trouble for their existence as the grass can make that the ox-locks-up, or the vegetation of a district that is devastated by locusts. It is the unwritten law of Nature that one must die that another may live; this other in its turn, suberving the same end, and so on constantly until the cycle be complete. Without this law, against which there is no appeal, Nature would be a chaotic impossibility. The destructive influences are predominant that the carnage is indiscriminate and without struggle.

J. B. Stanhope  
Tales Toki  
July 20  
July 25  
July 27  
Cassandra  
Aug. 7  
Aug. 19  
Aug. 10  
Ninque  
July 20  
July 23  
July 25  
July 27  
July 29  
July 30  
July 31  
July 32  
July 33  
July 34  
July 35  
July 36  
July 37  
July 38  
July 39  
July 40  
July 41  
July 42  
July 43  
July 44  
July 45  
July 46  
July 47  
July 48  
July 49  
July 50  
July 51  
July 52  
July 53  
July 54  
July 55  
July 56  
July 57  
July 58  
July 59  
July 60  
July 61  
July 62  
July 63  
July 64  
July 65  
July 66  
July 67  
July 68  
July 69  
July 70  
July 71  
July 72  
July 73  
July 74  
July 75  
July 76  
July 77  
July 78  
July 79  
July 80  
July 81  
July 82  
July 83  
July 84  
July 85  
July 86  
July 87  
July 88  
July 89  
July 90  
July 91  
July 92  
July 93  
July 94  
July 95  
July 96  
July 97  
July 98  
July 99  
July 100  
July 101  
July 102  
July 103  
July 104  
July 105  
July 106  
July 107  
July 108  
July 109  
July 110  
July 111  
July 112  
July 113  
July 114  
July 115  
July 116  
July 117  
July 118  
July 119  
July 120  
July 121  
July 122  
July 123  
July 124  
July 125  
July 126  
July 127  
July 128  
July 129  
July 130  
July 131  
July 132  
July 133  
July 134  
July 135  
July 136  
July 137  
July 138  
July 139  
July 140  
July 141  
July 142  
July 143  
July 144  
July 145  
July 146  
July 147  
July 148  
July 149  
July 150  
July 151  
July 152  
July 153  
July 154  
July 155  
July 156  
July 157  
July 158  
July 159  
July 160  
July 161  
July 162  
July 163  
July 164  
July 165  
July 166  
July 167  
July 168  
July 169  
July 170  
July 171  
July 172  
July 173  
July 174  
July 175  
July 176  
July 177  
July 178  
July 179  
July 180  
July 181  
July 182  
July 183  
July 184  
July 185  
July 186  
July 187  
July 188  
July 189  
July 190  
July 191  
July 192  
July 193  
July 194  
July 195  
July 196  
July 197  
July 198  
July 199  
July 200  
July 201  
July 202  
July 203  
July 204  
July 205  
July 206  
July 207  
July 208  
July 209  
July 210  
July 211  
July 212  
July 213  
July 214  
July 215  
July 216  
July 217  
July 218  
July 219  
July 220  
July 221  
July 222  
July 223  
July 224  
July 225  
July 226  
July 227  
July 228  
July 229  
July 230  
July 231  
July 232  
July 233  
July 234  
July 235  
July 236  
July 237  
July 238  
July 239  
July 240  
July 241  
July 242  
July 243  
July 244  
July 245  
July 246  
July 247  
July 248  
July 249  
July 250  
July 251  
July 252  
July 253  
July 254  
July 255  
July 256  
July 257  
July 258  
July 259  
July 260  
July 261  
July 262  
July 263  
July 264  
July 265  
July 266  
July 267  
July 268  
July 269  
July 270  
July 271  
July 272  
July 273  
July 274  
July 275  
July 276  
July 277  
July 278  
July 279  
July 280  
July 281  
July 282  
July 283  
July 284  
July 285  
July 286  
July 287  
July 288  
July 289  
July 290  
July 291  
July 292  
July 293  
July 294  
July 295  
July 296  
July 297  
July 298  
July 299  
July 300  
July 301  
July 302  
July 303  
July 304  
July 305  
July 306  
July 307  
July 308  
July 309  
July 310  
July 311  
July 312  
July 313  
July 314  
July 315  
July 316  
July 317  
July 318  
July 319  
July 320  
July 321  
July 322  
July 323  
July 324  
July 325  
July 326  
July 327  
July 328  
July 329  
July 330  
July 331  
July 332  
July 333  
July 334  
July 335  
July 336  
July 337  
July 338  
July 339  
July 340  
July 341  
July 342  
July 343  
July 344  
July 345  
July 346  
July 347  
July 348  
July 349  
July 350  
July 351  
July 352  
July 353  
July 354  
July 355  
July 356  
July 357  
July 358  
July 359  
July 360  
July 361  
July 362  
July 363  
July 364  
July 365  
July 366  
July 367  
July 368  
July 369  
July 370  
July 371  
July 372  
July 373  
July 374  
July 375  
July 376  
July 377  
July 378  
July 379  
July 380  
July 381  
July 382  
July 383  
July 384  
July 385  
July 386  
July 387  
July 388  
July 389  
July 390  
July 391  
July 392  
July 393  
July 394  
July 395  
July 396  
July 397  
July 398  
July 399  
July 400  
July 401  
July 402  
July 403  
July 404  
July 405  
July 406  
July 407  
July 408  
July 409  
July 410  
July 411  
July 412  
July 413  
July 414  
July 415  
July 416  
July 417  
July 418  
July 419  
July 420  
July 421  
July 42